

THE STUDY CHRONICLE



MIDSUMMER 1940



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THE SIXTH FORM

Back row: Helen Malcolm, Jacqueline Hale, Martha Chadwick, Priscilla Lobley, Miriam Fees.

Front row:—Sheila Bell Mappin, Peggy Davis, (Head Girl), Audrey Bovey.

TEACHING STAFF 1939-40

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MILLE. M. BODIER Licence d'Anglais complète de la Sorbonne.	<i>French, Middle School</i>
MILLE. SIMONNE GAGNON	<i>French, Lower School</i>
MME. GAUDION Brevet Supérieur, l'Université de Lille.	<i>French</i>
MISS NANCY GRIFFIN Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union.	<i>Senior Mistress, Lower School</i>
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MISS A. H. HANCOX, Senior Mistress Honours, Oxford Higher Local.	<i>English</i>
MISS W. G. INDGE Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union.	<i>Lower III Form</i>
MISS HESILL MALLOCH Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union.	<i>Upper B Form</i>
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MISS D. E. MOORE McGill School of Physical Education.	<i>Drill & Games</i>
MISS SYLVIA SANDERS, B.A. University of Bristol.	<i>Geography</i>
MISS ETHEL SEATH	<i>Art</i>
MISS FRANCES TEARIE Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union.	<i>Lower B Form</i>
MISS E. F. VOWLES, B.Sc. University of Bristol.	<i>Mathematics & Physics</i>
MISS F. M. WALLACE, B.Sc. M.A. Radcliffe College.	<i>Science</i>

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MARGARET PATCH

Editors

MARGOT McDUGALL
NORAH RICHARDSON
ALICE PATCH

Art Advisor

MISS SEATH

School Editor

PEGGY DAVIS

~ ~ ~

EDITORIAL

*"Alle is buxumesse there and bookes for to rede and to lerne,
And grete love and lykinge for eche of hem loveth other."*

—Piers Plowman B.X. 303 and 305

When you open your magazines this year one of the first things that you will notice will be the absence of advertisements. There is as much actual reading matter as there has always been; only the advertisements are missing. The committee decided to forego the quest for ads. because it was felt that the war would have made what was at best a difficult job almost impossible. So many firms that in ordinary times bought space in the magazine out of courtesy rather than for business might have refused us this year. We think that it improves the appearance of the "Chronicle" and we hope that you do too.

The editors would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Harvey, Miss Hancox, Miss Seath and Margaret Patch for all their valuable advice and assistance.

When I look back over the school year I see that in spite of the usual work and play the war has been the most important factor in our lives. Though it is not a pleasant subject for an editorial it is something that we cannot ignore. In one way or another it influences our lives and even, in the matter of the advertisements, the magazine. Each day the situation changes and becomes more grave and there is little that anyone can say about it that matters but there is a great deal that one can do. Yes—though the phrase is hackneyed, "doing one's bit" is the most important thing today. Dozens of Study girls are doing just that, either working for the Red Cross or taking nursing or ambulance driving courses. The girls who leave this year will undoubtedly do the same. It is not necessary to repeat the wish in everyone's heart that the war will be soon over but until it is, if the Old Girls, the girls just leaving the school and the girls who are still there "do their bit" with the spirit and sincerity that they learnt at school, they will do well.

ROLL CALL 1939-40
Upper and Middle School

Head Girl: PEGGY DAVIS

Games Captain: HELEN MALCOLM

MU GAMMA

Audrey Bovey (*Head of House*)
Helen Malcolm (*Sub-Head—*
Games Captain)

Bernice Anderson
Rosalie-Anne Ballantyne
Joan Bronson
Sheila Clarkson
Virginia Frith
Jacqueline Hale
Stephanie Hale
Barbara Hawkes
Daphne Hodgson
Elspeth Lindsay
Meg Lindsay
Eleanor Lindsay
Sheila Mercer
Barbara Mitchell
Louise MacLarlanc
Helen MacLure
Shirley McCall
Isabel McGill
Nancy McGill
Cathy-Ann Notman
Joan Notman
Madeleine Parsons
June Peverley
Kathleen Root
Marjorie Root
Miriam Tees
Jeanne Unwin
Virginia Walbank
Barbara Walker
Joan Wight
Shirley Wight
Anne Williamson
Diana White
Jacqueline Workman

KAPPA RHO

Florence Grimaldi (*Head of House*)
Martha Chadwick (*Sub-Head*)
Elizabeth Hopkins (*Games Captain*)
Frances Barnes
Pamela Blacklock
Sheila Beaton
Nancy Bignell
Francine Cole
Dorothy Downes
Daphne Fairbairn-Smith
Mary-Lea Fetherstonhaugh
Elizabeth Gillespie
Joan Gilmour
Janet Gilmour
Elizabeth Gould
Ina Grimaldi
Linda Hodgson
Barbara Jellett
Jill Litchfield
Pauline Little
Margaret Little
Joan Mason
Kathryn Mason
Lorna MacDougall
Julia Mackenzie
Betty MacLean
Margot McDougall
Jocelyn Pangman
Bryony Plant
Cynthia Plant
Sheila Ramsay
Jane Ramsay
Janet Shaw
Katherine Smith
Barbara Wales

BETA LAMBDA

Peggy Davis (*Head of House*)
Sheila-Bell Mappin (*Sub-Head*)
Claire Fisher (*Games Captain*)
Betty Capon
Diana Davis
Elizabeth Dawes
Mary Fisher
Helen Fuller
Joan Hebden
Frances Hodge
Gwendolen Marler
Eve Marler
June Marler
Louise Marler
Elizabeth Marler
Barbara Miller
Lucille Molson
Anne Morgan
Martha Morgan
Greta Morris
Audrey MacDermot
Rosina McCarthy
Margery Nelson
Elizabeth Parkin
Mary Patch
Frances Patch
Pamela Ponder
Mary Lee Putnam
Roslyn Roberton
Jean Rutherford
Barbara Tidmarsh
Nancy Todd
Margery Todd
Margery Wiggs
Sally Wilson

DELTA BETA

Patricia Nelson (*Head of House*)
(*Games Captain*)
Priscilla Lobley (*Sub-Head*)
Elspeth Angus
Ann Armstrong
Brigit Bell
Anne Bond
Mindel Bronfman
Phyllis Bronfman
Isobel Chapman
Barbara Christmas
Nonie Cronyn
Frances Currie
Elizabeth Fleming
Marion Fox
Ann Graftey
Rosemary Grier
Mary Hanson
Alison Heney
Barbara Heward
Mary Hugessen
Cynthia Landry
Sheila Montgomery
Elizabeth Macdonald
Peggy-Ann Macfarlane
Nancy-Lee McMurtry
Joan Nelson
Ruth Noble
Eve Osler
Priscilla Penfield
Margaret Turner-Bone
Elizabeth Turner-Bone
Dorothy Walter

HOUSE NOTES



DELTA BETA

On returning to school in September, our House Mistresses, Miss Moore and Madame Gaudion presided at the first meeting of the year, at which Patricia Nelson was elected Head of the House and Games Captain, while Priscilla Lobley was elected Sub-Head.

This year we were sorry to say good-bye to three faithful "Delta Betians", Marjorie and Janet Willetts and Patricia McBride, but were happy to welcome eight others. They were, Frances Currie, Ann Armstrong, Elspeth Angus, Elizabeth Fleming and Mary Hugessen, who had come up from the Junior classes, and Marion Fox, Rosemary Grier and Elizabeth Turner-Bone, all three new to the school.

By the end of the second term, our House had pulled itself up so much that it was only two points behind Beta Lambda. This was mostly due to Peggy Ann Macfarlane, Joan Nelson and Elizabeth Macdonald, who had gained the most excellents up to the Summer Term.

In the House basketball matches, we were badly beaten by Mu Gamma, but put up a strong fight against Kappa Rho, and only lost by a very few points. The team was as follows:

Shots.	Joan Nelson
	Nancy Lee McMurtry
Centres.	Margaret Turner-Bone
	Patricia Nelson
Defenses	Sheila Montgomery
	Priscilla Lobley
	Mary Hanson
Substitute	Elizabeth Turner-Bone

Although we have not been very successful in games so far, we hope to do much better in the Swimming Meet and Sports Day. So here's to the best of Luck for Delta Beta.

MU GAMMA

At the first House Meeting of the year, Miss Hague and Miss Wallace presided. Audrey Bovey was elected House Captain, while Helen Malcolm was appointed Games Captain for the third year running and Sub-Head. We were sorry to see Joan Anderson, Jane Molson and Julia Troop leave the House, but we were glad to welcome Eleanor Lindsay, Cathy-Ann Notman, Marjorie Root and Shirley Wight from the Lower School as well as Barbara Hawkes and Virginia Frith who were new girls.

We would like to thank Miss Hague and Miss Wallace for all the advice and support they have given us throughout the year.

During the Christmas term we kept up our standard quite well and at the end of the term we managed to come first after a hectic rush for last minute excellents. The Easter term was quite a different story however, for at the end of the term we found ourselves at the bottom of the list. In order to encourage the girls in the House to do their best this term we have started a system by which we have divided the House into two teams under the Head and Sub-Head of the House, and at the House Meeting the weekly total of each side is read out. So far this term we have done much better again and we hope we will do better still so that we can make up our loss of last term and come out on top again.

Badminton and Basketball are the principal sport news in Mu Gamma so far this year.

Our basketball team was as follows:

Shots.	Diana White
	Miriam Tees
	Jacqueline Hale
	Audrey Bovey
Defense.	Bernice Anderson
	Barbara Walker
	Helen Malcolm
Substitute	Virginia Frith
	Barbara Hawkes

Before Christmas in the basketball match against Delta Beta we were successful, winning 35-11. After Christmas when we played the matches all over again, we played Beta Lambda in the finals. The game proved exciting and close, our opponents however gaining the extra point needed to win, the final score being 15-11. This meant that another House match had to be played since both Beta Lambda and our House had each won once. The game was again very evenly matched but unfortunately Beta Lambda won 26-25.

In badminton we won the singles from Beta Lambda. Our doubles team also played well in the badminton doubles, but finally lost to Beta Lambda.

Now that the Swimming Meet and Sports Day are not far off, all of Mu Gamma have their eyes on the House Sports Cup. Time will tell!

BETA LAMBDA

Our House Mistresses, Miss Vowles and Miss Indge presided at the first meeting of the year, during which Peggy Davis was elected Head of the House, Sheila-Bell Mappin, Sub-Head, and Claire Fisher, Games Captain.

Last June we lost four valuable members: Evelyn Capon, Ann Blaiklock, Marise Bishop and Elizabeth Hodge, all of whom had been a great help to Beta Lambda either by contributing their many excellents or by

their ability at sports. However in September Frances Hodge, Eve and June Marler, Frances Patch and Jean Rutherford entered the house. They had all moved up from the Junior School.

Beta Lambda-ites, new and old, started this year with a fixed determination to do our best to repeat the successes of last year. But we have been receiving close competition from the other houses as these results show, for at the end of the Christmas Term, Beta Lambda was second to Mu Gamma by two points; at the end of Easter Term we were only four points ahead of Delta Beta.

Those who have gained the most excellents for the house are Martha Morgan, Claire Fisher and Mary Lee Putnam. We also feel it is worthwhile reporting that Beta Lambda has had only one late to date!

Our house has been holding its own in the light for the sports cup. Of all the inter-house competitions held so far we have only lost the badminton singles. In the autumn Claire Fisher and Sheila-Bell Mappin won the tennis doubles. After a hard game in the final, we took the basketball cup from Mu Gamma by one point. The team was:

Shots	Margery Todd
	Elizabeth Dawes
	Betty Capon
	Sheila Mappin
Delence.	Peggy Davis
	Claire Fisher
	Diana Davis

Soon after the Summer Term started Claire Fisher and Sheila-Bell Mappin won the badminton doubles, but Sheila-Bell Mappin was defeated, in the badminton singles, by the nimble Mu Gamma House Captain, Andrey Bovey.

The race for both cups is still a close one and Beta Lambda has done adequately well. But whether we win or lose, as a house we should be satisfied, not because of our successes, but because of the spirit and interest shown by our members in all forms alike.

KAPPA RHO

The first house-meeting was held on Friday, Sept. 22nd. Our House Mistress Miss Sanders was there and we gladly welcomed Miss Marsh as our new House Mistress. Miss Sanders took charge and the result was that Florence Grimaldi was elected Head of the House, Martha Chadwick Sub-Head, and Elizabeth Hopkins Games Captain.

This year we were sorry to say good-bye to Elizabeth McConkey, Edith Donnelly and Angela Mackenzie. However, we added six new members to our ranks. They were Elizabeth Gould, Cynthia Plant, Lorna MacDougall, Barbara Wales, Kathryn Mason and Margaret Little, who all came up from the Junior School. We were also glad to welcome Jane Ramsay who joined us at the beginning of the Easter Term.

We reached the finals in the first basketball House matches, but were beaten by Mu Gamma in the end. In the second basketball game we were not so successful.

The team consisted of:—

Shots	Janet Shaw
	Ina Grimaldi
Centres.	Florence Grimaldi
	Elizabeth Hopkins
Defense.	Dorothy Downes
	Frances Barnes

In badminton Florence Grimaldi and Elizabeth Hopkins reached the finals, but then were beaten by Beta Lambda. We are all looking forward to the swimming meet, as last year we came second, and we are going to try and do better this year. Then comes the Sports day at the end of the term in which we will try for good results.

FOLLOWER OF ALLAH.

(The prize-winning contribution)

At his door Mustapha Zelab stood beckoning to his fellow citizens as they passed on their way to worship Allah. In the street beyond, in the crowded *souk* each man plied his trade. Unceasingly they worked, the cutter's chisel running freely along the shiny brass surface swiftly carving delicate arabesques. The dyer, his vats of brilliant liquids standing in rows ready for the skeins of raw silk that the dyer washed and combed. The tailor, neighbour to the dyer, sat cross-legged sewing on a strip of brilliant honey-combed embroidery. Two boys stood in the street, holding his long threads and weaving them, crossing and uncrossing them as he stitched.

Mustapha kept all in his little shop and it was here that the tourist wandered aimlessly, thoughtless of time, picking, choosing and admiring. As one crossed his threshold the pungent vapours of heliotrope invaded one's senses. On innumerable little shelves his goods were displayed; in one corner stood rows of crystal decanters, each containing different perfumes of varying shades, from deep mahogany to clear amber. Next to the perfumes lay the pride of every Moor, those soft leather slippers, the *babouches*. It was outside the mosques that one saw them most, lying in rows, discarded as the faithful entered the sanctuary. The thin skin of which they were made, was covered with rich arabesques of silver, metallic lustrous silks. Red, green, purple, orange, brilliant and clashing they were, and yet they all toned in amongst those other treasures that Mustapha Zelab held as his trade.

All day long he bartered and sold and even robbed those who let him do it. His Eastern charm attracted tourists, set them gazing at his shelves crammed with objects. Arrayed in his loose *burnous*, a tasseled fez as a

head-dress, his was an imposing figure. His dark gleaming eyes, characteristic of the Oriental, shot keen glances at those he saw. His tightly compressed lips as sun-tanned as his skin showed strong will power, inscrutable sagacity and evil to the one who crossed his path.

As the day waned he would gather his goods, make out his accounts and allow a few minutes to fondle the dull coins that lay in his palm, before he set out with the faithful. For every evening, as the great sun showed but half his crown above the hill, that weird, thrilling tumult of mingling voices would rise from the seven hundred minarets of Fez . . .

A—llah! there is but one god, Allah . . . Allah . . . The heavy flight of the rollers as they swerved among the eucalyptus seemed measured to the words. The delicate pink-footed ibis picked her way along the skirts of the marsh, heedless of that mighty race following its master . . . The sun dipped, the voices ceased, all was still . . .

“One more day dropped into the shadowy gulf of bygone things.”

JACQUELINE WORKMAN,
Lower V.

~ ~ ~

LATIN

At first it's easy simple work
With A examinations.
But soon this subject hard becomes
With stupid complications.

The worst part comes in Middle V
With gerunds and gerundives;
Then nouns are not declinable,
And actives all are passives.

Ten sentences at last are done
By me (hopefully grinning),
When suddenly a thought strikes home
And back to the beginning

I plough to find my first mistakes
And hastily erase them,
Only to find I've clean forgot
With what words to replace them.

At last with many an inward quake
Of fear and trepidation;
I must hand in my blotted mess;
And await my condemnation.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

Over the whole of Canada from coast to coast the troop of scarlet horsemen, known as the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, are loved, respected and feared by every Canadian.

In eighteen seventy-three the British Parliament gave the Canadian government authority to organize a police force, called the Northwest Mounted Police. Their beat lay over the whole North of Canada and their duty was to teach the Indians and Eskimos the justice of the white man's law. Edward VII was so pleased with the work of these policemen that he added Royal to their name, so they became the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. By nineteen fourteen the strength of the force was raised to over twelve hundred men, and as we know there are many more men than that in the force today. Two years after the Great War the force was reorganized, and given the name of Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and their territory included the whole of Canada. The force is in charge of a commissioner and assistant commissioners whose headquarters are at Ottawa. The men of the force are a combination of many different ranks. For many years the son of Charles Dickens served as a constable; he and dukes, earls and farmers have joined together to chase cattle thieves and robbers. The difference in rank seems to make no difference to the policemen, as they all join together in their duty, which is to enforce the law.

To enter the force the men must be between the ages of twenty-two and forty, unmarried and in good physical condition. After a man has been accepted he is given a horse, which he must train; he also must go through several months of training himself, before he is ready for duty, and there are many duties these men must perform; they act as customs officials, they carry mail to remote mining camps, act as sanitary officers, report on bridges and roads and they care for the sick and dying in the wilderness.

The motto of the Mounted Police is "Get the Man" and this they do, though the outside world very seldom hears about their brave deeds. They may travel hundreds of miles, under the baking sun or through snow and ice, by car, on horses or by dog sleigh, but they never stop till their work is done. If they do not live up to their motto it means living in disgrace for several months.

The policemen only make up half of the force, the other half consists of their horses. Though the force is becoming greatly mechanized, I feel that I must say something about these horses, who are still used in the more remote places. These horses go through many years of training, and have been known to have assisted their master by holding an offender in their teeth or by carrying a message back to the camp to secure help. They are some of the best schooled horses in the world.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police are the pride of every Canadian and well they might be, as they are the best police force in the world.

DIANA DAVIS,
Lower V.

ROAMING THE SEAS

"Ship ahoy!" the cry rings out,
Through the still air of night,
"Ship ahoy" an echoing shout,
Under the moon; paper white.

Lap, Lap, Lap Lap,
Do you not hear the gentle slap
Of the waves, as they hit the sides of the boat?
Oh, just to know that we are afloat!

Soon we will dock at a snug little port,
And we will have our rest, all too short.
Early next morning we'll sail again,
Passing ships bound for China or Spain.

The captain is standing braced at his wheel,
Keeping an eye on the course,
Each move of the ship, each turn he can feel
He takes as a matter of course.

As long we're sailing a ship like this,
We will be brimming over with bliss:
As long as we're sailing anywhere —
Anywhere — anywhere.

MARY HUGESSEN,
Lower III.

THE LARGE CITY

The tall buildings rise on either side,
Trying to hide the smoky sky,
The trams roar up and down the street,
Children play in the summer's heat.

Here is a truck with a heavy, brick load,
There are some cars choking the road,
Here is a factory with smoke curled around,
In this large city where people abound.

SHEILA RAMSAY,
Lower IV A.

SPORTS



Skiing has become a very important sport in the last two years. Saturday mornings have been given to it, and regular lessons from Mr. Pybus have improved our skiers tremendously. When the Penguin Ski Club sponsored another Schoolgirl's Meet, the Study was able to send in several good teams. The Senior First Team finished second in the event. The teams had a lovely day; they lunched at the Penguin Club, and many ski songs crept into the school's "repertoire" on the train. A good time was had by all. Then on a cold windy day, a ski team consisting of Audrey Bovey, Claire Fisher, Margaret Turner-Bone and Elizabeth Turner-Bone, won the Barry Morton Skiing Trophy of the Park Toboggan and Ski Club. The result of their efforts is a large cup which now stands in the Assembly Hall.—So much for the skiing!

Dancing has been introduced into the gym classes of the Upper school this year. Although the girls do not resemble "The Ballet Russe" they certainly enjoy their weekly sessions of modern interpretive dances, polkas and waltzes.

Basketball, of course, played an important part in the sport life of the school this year. The shots were particularly glad to have Evelyn Capon, a former member of the school, coaching them throughout the year. She was a great help to Miss Moore and under her assistance the shots improved immensely. The first and second teams were as follows:—

<i>First Team</i>		<i>Second Team</i>	
Pat Nelson	Shots	Jacqueline Hale	
Sheila-Bell Mappin	"	Elizabeth Hopkins	
Audrey Bovey (<i>Captain</i>)	"	Betty Capon	
Claire Fisher	Defense	Bernice Anderson (<i>Captain</i>)	
Helen Malcolm	"	Florence Grimaldi	
Barbara Walker	"	Barbara Hawkes	
Peggy Davis	"		
	Subs.	Janet Shaw	
	"	Diana White	
	"	Miriam Tees	

The first team was fortunate enough to win every game against Miss Edgar's and Weston. In the first match against Trafalgar we lost, but in the return match we won. This resulted in a play-off. The play-off match was an outstanding game and excitement and nervous tension were high. The score was constantly evened, but towards the end Trafalgar pulled ahead to win, making the score 35-29. The list of games and scores are as follows:—

<i>First Team</i>			<i>Second Team</i>		
Study 61	Weston	16	Study 42	Weston	2
Study 20	Trafalgar	34	Study 9	Trafalgar	11
Study 44	Miss Edgar's	20	Study 22	Miss Edgar's	4
Study 74	Weston	17	Study 50	Weston	4
Study 26	Trafalgar	19	Study 12	Trafalgar	12
Study 39	Miss Edgar's	13	Study 28	Miss Edgar's	2

Play Off:—

Study 29 Trafalgar 35

The Old Girl's Basketball Game was played again this year, with the usual amount of vigour, and shall we say, comedy? The school team were victorious although they did have rather a hard time to win, as can be seen by the close score of 26-23.

The badminton competitions between the Houses were again very exciting. Audrey Bovey defeated Sheila-Bell Mappin of Beta Lambda, to win the singles for Mu Gamma, but Beta Lambda won against Mu Gamma in the doubles, when Claire Fisher and Sheila-Bell Mappin defeated Barbara Walker and Jacqueline Hale.

Hockey and volley-ball have been played, as usual, after lunch at school. On Tuesday afternoon between the basketball and tennis seasons, baseball has been played as well. Swimming is very popular in the Summer Term.

In previous years, sport cups have been awarded individually, to each House winning a competition or tournament. Now there is only one cup given to the House with the highest number of points for the competitions combined. Last year Beta Lambda won this cup after scoring very highly in the different sport activities at school.

The Staff basketball match (which is always lots of fun) has yet to be played, as well as the annual tennis tournaments. Sports day, high jumping, and the swimming meet, are not very far away so everyone is looking forward to the next few weeks with great hope and expectations.

Another year has come and gone only too quickly and the members of the Games Club can look back upon it with pleasure and with gratitude to Miss Moore for their progress in the many different sports at school.

HELEN MALCOLM,
(*Games Captain*)

LETTER FROM ENGLAND (*A True Story*)

A lady received a letter from England with a censor mark on it. She was very excited as she recognized her husband's writing on the envelope. She opened the letter which ran as follows:—

Madam —

Your husband is well and happy but he is very indiscreet.

Signed,

THE CENSOR.

HIGHLANDERS

One day I saw some Highlanders
A marching down the street,
Red coats and swinging skirts
And spats upon their feet.

The Drummer beat his big bass drum,
The Bag-pipes loudly played,
I thought my heart would burst with joy,
Such a glorious noise they made.

KATHRYN MASON,
Lower III.

~ ~ ~

COINCIDENCE

This world of ours may seem very large to some people but sometimes certain things happen which make it seem very small indeed. Such is this story, which also goes to prove that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

In the winter before the last war an English hockey team had been sent to Switzerland to compete in a round-robin tournament at Les Avants, and this team was made up almost entirely of Canadians and Americans although nominally it was English. Although it has nothing to do with this story, it might be of interest to know that this team won easily. One of the teams they played represented Belgium. One of the Americans, by name LeCron, was studying dentistry in Europe and after the winter sports season, he went on to Germany to continue his studies. While he was there the war broke out and as the United States did not enter the war at its outbreak, LeCron saw no necessity for leaving the country. At length however things began to be uncomfortable and he thought it would be wise to try and return home, and so he set out for Belgium. At the time he attempted to get through, the fighting did not continue right up to the coast and his idea was to round the end of the line and thus get into Allied territory. However, he was not adequately supplied with means of identification and he began to be very worried about his reception in Belgium. Nevertheless, he got along very well and at last he left the German zone. Late one night he was travelling along, alone, in a little donkey cart, when suddenly, out of the darkness, came the challenge of a Belgian sentry. "Now I'm for it" he thought at the sound of the voice, but what was his surprise, when the sentry, lifting a lantern to his face and taking a good look at him said, "Hello, LeCron!" It was the Captain of the Belgian Hockey Team he had played against at Les Avants the year before and he was the only man in the Belgian Army who could have identified him, because the rest of the Hockey Team had all been either killed or wounded.

AUDREY BOVEY,
Sixth.

BALLAD

One day, so many years ago,
There lived a maid, we're told.
Her eyes were blue, her cheeks were red,
Her hair shone like bright gold.

She had a spiteful stepmother,
A witch, most cruel and bad
She was so horrid and so mean,
She made her daughter sad.

Now Celia was the damsel's name,
Her lover's name was Kay.
And so between the two of them,
They thought they'd run away.

One starry night when snow was deep
They started out together.
They vowed they'd never part again,
Through wind and stormy weather.

The wild north wind it pierced their bones,
The sea was raging loud,
The rain poured down in torrents from
The black and lowering cloud.

They journeyed on a dirty boat,
With no one there to save;
So when the boat turned upside down
They went to Neptune's cave.

And there they stayed for many years,
And still are there, I think,
With nothing but the fish to eat,
And only sea to drink.

VIRGINIA FRITH,
Upper IV.

BUSTER THE SEAL

(A True Story)

There is a zoo on the Bow river near Calgary. Here animals from all parts of Canada are exhibited. Among these is a seal named "Buster."

Buster was getting tired of being shut up in a cage all the time, so he decided that he would escape. Nobody knows how he escaped but he did. Along the banks of the Bow river are irrigation canals. Buster swam down one of these.

In the little town of Bassano, about fifty miles down an irrigation canal as some children were playing ball, Buster swam up to the beach and landed. One of the children cried, "Oh, look at the seal!"

Another said, "Throw the ball to him." The boy who had the ball tossed it to Buster and was surprised when Buster promptly tossed it back. Then Buster dived into the water and executed feats which sent them into gales of merriment. Soon a crowd collected, and someone went to the telegraph office and notified Buster's keeper about his whereabouts.



A little while later the train from Calgary arrived in Bassano announcing the arrival of the keepers with a cage. Quickly they made preparations for catching Buster; one keeper stood at a distance from where Buster swam holding about a dozen fish. The other keeper stood near the water but a little to the side of Buster and the first keeper. His plan was to intercept Buster when he came for the fish.

The keeper with the fish threw them one at a time to Buster, each time making the distance shorter between Buster and himself. The second keeper was just about to throw a net over Buster when the seal slipped suddenly back into the water. The proceeding was repeated several times before Buster allowed himself to be captured. He was conveyed back to the zoo. In the meantime the zoo had been lucky enough to get a new polar bear, which they put in Buster's cage. When Buster arrived at the zoo he had to be put in a temporary cage until a new one could be built for him.

A few days later we find Buster again in the Bow river. This time making his way to another irrigation canal. The canal for which he was heading had a fifty-foot drop from the river. Splash! Buster was in the canal not the least bit hurt, only surprised.

Nearly a month has passed. The zoo keepers are frantically hunting for Buster. If he is not found within a month he may lose his eyesight. Seals must have salt in their water.

At last some news came. A lady about 100 miles down an irrigation canal saw Buster. After notifying the zoo, she and a few friends went down to see Buster. He came towards them, this was what the lady wanted; she threw a big coat over him; this kept him struggling until the keepers arrived. They brought him back to the zoo and found that his eyesight had not suffered. He was put in his new cage and now he cannot escape.

ELIZABETH FURNER-BONE, *Upper IV.*



This year has been a very successful one in the art classes, where we all delve into the intriguing details of art, under the inspiring guidance of Miss Seath.

The younger members of the school have been painting a large mural with a great deal of enthusiasm. This is rather interesting, for each person draws and paints one part of the picture, which is pasted with the others on a background. In this way, they have created a farm project, with domestic animals in the foreground, and a farm house in the background. They have also used the same method in painting a mural representing a scene in early French-Canadian history. Another history subject is well under way, with the use of clay models erected against a background.

Many girls have turned to the theatrical side of art, and have constructed back-drops for the various plays acted this year in the school. In "Toad of Toad Hall", the art students showed their ability to make masks, worn by the leading characters in the play. In "She Stoops to Conquer", they turned to interior decorating, and painted all the scenery for scenes which are supposed to take place indoors.

We have also done our bit in war work, by painting posters for the Army Medical Corps and the Red Cross. Elizabeth Gillespie, Dorothy Downes, and Helen Malcolm, all contributed posters, and some of these girls sent paintings up to Toronto for the annual exhibition at the Toronto Art Gallery. Elizabeth Gillespie also did work for the Montreal Orchestra.

The History of Art students have spent an interesting year, studying 18th century portrait painters of the Italian, French, and British schools, and by the end of the term we hope to have studied Canadian Art.

M. CHADWICK.

~ ~ ~

THE SMALLER THINGS

In modern days of restless pace,
There is a craze for saving space;
A kitchenette's a kitchen small,
A dinette is a dining hall;
So, following this simple school
A roulette's just a little rule;
A bullet's just a little bull,
A whippet's just a little whip,
A pullet's just a little pull,
A snippet's just a little snip;
A cricket's just a little crick,
A filler's just a little fill,

A wicket's just a little wick,
 A billet's just a little bill;
 A pallet's just a little pall,
 A skillet's just a little skill,
 A ballet's just a little ball;
 A millet's just a little mill,
 For your attention, you I thank,
 And now my mind is just a blank.

PAMELA PONDER,
Lower F.

ADOLPHINE FINDS HER HOMEWORK DIFFICULT!



MARTHA CHADWICK,
Sixth.

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PURPLE

A stately, regal colour,
With a hint of mystery,
I have seen you often,
And you've fascinated me.

Mingling with the opal shades
Of a rain-bow in the sky,
Ling'ring in the misty light
Of a mountain-peak on high.

Flashing in the radiance
Of some queenly amethyst
Which lies in proud seclusion
On a lady's slender wrist.

Or deepening the shadows
That gather at night-fall,
With a strange wondrous beauty
That mystifies us all.

But I have found you sweetest,
Deep down in a bed of green,
With faint enchanting fragrance
In the modest violet's sheen.

MARGERY NELSON,
Upper V.

SHADOWS ON THE HEARTH

The fire smoulders in the ash strewn grate.
The embers crackle. Little darts of flame
Flare up to lick the wood with lashing tongues
Of heat; and flow along the andiron's frame.
Low shadows play along the polished floor.
A musky reek of cedar fills the room,
And some sweet smell of wood smoke cuts the air,
And lingers in the comfortable gloom.
And as I watch the amber shadows change,
I see familiar faces form and fall,
The eerie figures prance upon the hearth.
My eyes grow clear. They were not there at all!
The damp logs hiss; the fire is burning low
And shadows fade into a rosy glow.

MARTHA CHADWICK,
Sixth.



CHOCOLATE-BISCUIT DAY

When on Wednesday once a week
The bell for break is loudly rung
The girls from all directions flock,
And everywhere this song is sung

 'Tis chocolate biscuit day.

Then, when the trays of biscuits come
Each girl tries hard to make a dash,
And one knocks over a glass brimfull
Of milk with such a noisy crash,


 'Tis chocolate-biscuit day.

When every chocolate biscuit's gone,
And no more milk is on the floor,
And every one has quietened down,
At last the bell is rung once more:

 On chocolate-biscuit day.

PAMELA PONDER, *Lower F.*

GUIDE NOTES



We were all sorry to have Captain Leslie leave us this year, but were very fortunate to have Mrs. MacInnes, the Central District Commissioner take her place. We also welcomed a new Lieutenant, Margaret Patch. Later on we reluctantly let Miss Horn leave us because she was busy with exams at college. Patsy Hale was then enrolled and became our other Lieutenant.

The Company had ten new Guides in it this year and lost only six, the number of Guides then being about forty.

At the beginning of the year the Company worked hard on two songs which were to be sung in the Song Competition. With Miss Blanchard's help, for which we are very grateful, we came home with the cup.

After this the Company settled down to make "nighties" for babies in the Maternity Hospital.

During the Christmas Holidays the Guides who were taking their First Class went up North and skied and cooked their dinner in the woods. They had a glorious time and were very sorry that they couldn't have managed to take the rest of the Company.

The Company has now got seven First Class Guides, and hopes to have more next year.

Early in the Spring the Company worked hard on a course for an Emergency Helper's Badge. We sent nine Guides in for the Test all of whom passed with high marks.

In the District Guide Rally which was held at the Victoria Rifles Armoury on May 18th, the 8th Company did Bed Making and First Aid and also Improvised Stretchers.

Some of the Guides are now beginning to think about the Guide Camp, those who have been have had glorious fun, so we hope we will get newcomers.

The Guiding this year has been a lot of fun and The Company will probably end with a picnic or a hike.

E. MACDONALD.

AN IMAGINARY SCENE IN THE TIME OF JULIUS CAESAR

Scene I. Rome, a short time before the expedition to Britain sets out.

Caesar: Cornelia, I'm come to bid farewell
To you and all my loyal female friends.
We men to some far isle must take our way,
To vanquish savages, who dare to thwart
The will of mighty Caesar and his troops.
My Roman boys will soon suppress attacks
Made by untrained fools in crude bear skins;
Arrayed in every colour 'neath the sun,
In war paint; smeared o'er them with liberal hand,
Upon their grimy faces,—grimier necks.
We'll conquer them, Cornelia, flatten them,
Until they only dare to raise their heads
To make obeisance to the Roman race.

(Cornelia throws her arms about Caesar's neck)

Cornelia: Stay, dear my lord, and let yon whiskered man,
Who waits upon you in the Senate house
Take full command; and stay you here with me.

Caesar: Be still, thou petticoated wench, and stay
Me not with frivolous female thoughts of lighting.
In Roman wars none may command but I.
I'll send thee back a savage to cling to,
(But do not hng some war paint fresh applied
As it is mighty sticky stuff when new)
If women needs must have a male support.
Be gone, I say, and to your nurse maids run.
I will not have a weak-kneed wife near me.

Exeunt.

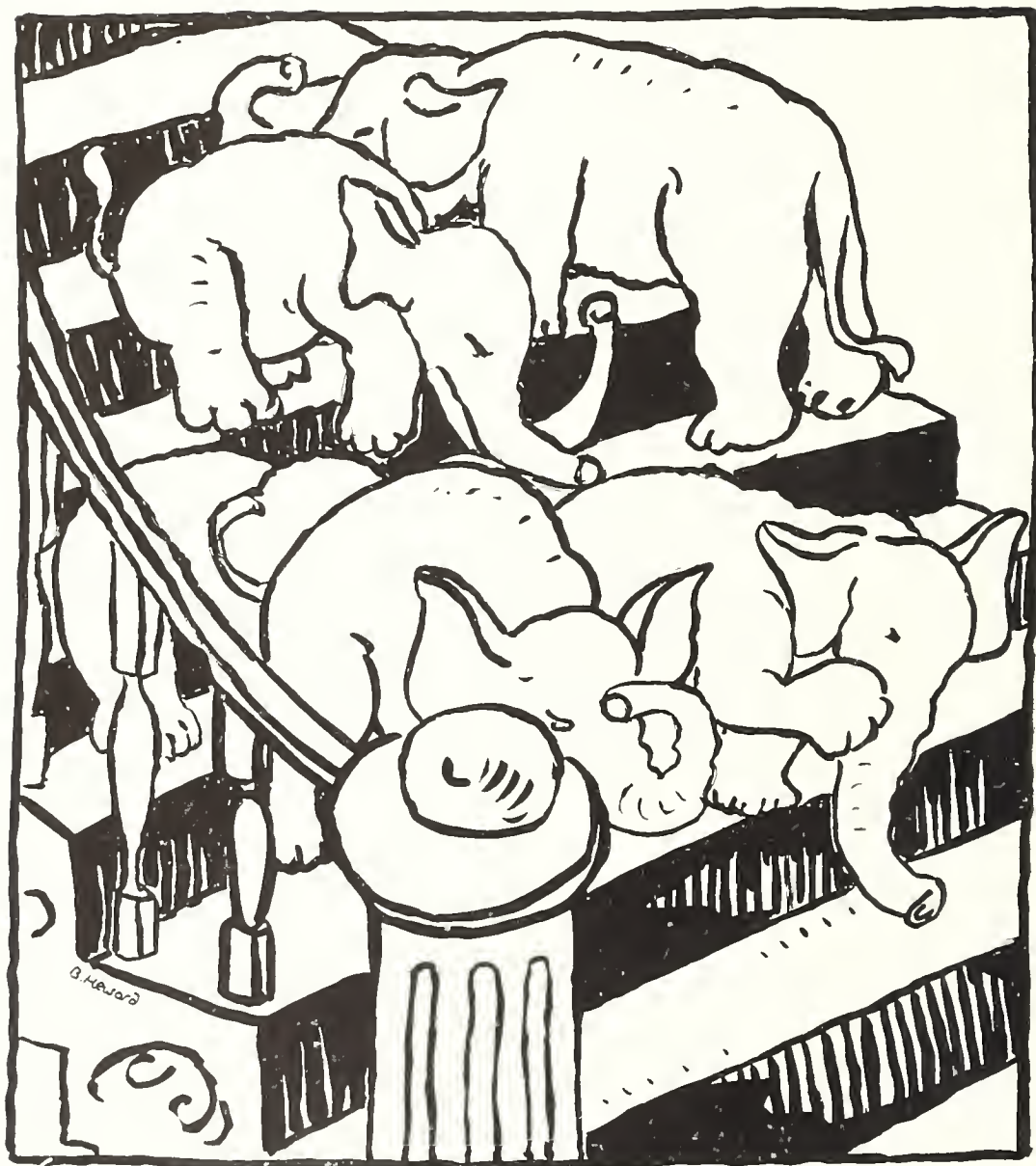
Scene II. On the coast of Gaul shortly before the ships set sail for Britain. *Enter a Servant to Caesar.*

Servant: My lord, all now is ready to depart,
The troop-horses have all been put on board.
The soldiers do but wait for your command
Before embarking also. Haste, my lord,
For by the sun, it seems 'tis getting late,
And some e'en say a storm will soon arise,
As clouds are gathering in the distant East.
The sea is rough and some men are afraid,
Saying that sea-sickness becomes them ill,
And they had better stay and gather crops,
Instead of landing green and rolling still,
Although on land, to meet mad savages,

Who, fighting on familiar steady ground,
Along the rolling hills of Britain's coast,
Will soon o'ercome our unaccustomed men.

Caesar: These frightened sheep will soon be on their way.
When Caesar comes these blockheads will embark,
And land in Britain glorious in their power;
To leave it victors of outstanding skill.

SHEILA MERCER,
Upper V.



Lower IV B coming downstairs.

DRAMATIC NOTES

RJ

The first play of the year was acted at the end of the Christmas term by Lower and Upper B, when they presented "The Sleeping Beauty". Priscilla Wanklyn was excellent as the witch, Mary Currie as the Sleeping Beauty, Gerda Thomas as the Prince and Heather Cumyn as the Good Fairy all acted their parts well. Two performances were given, one for the school and one for the parents and both times the play went off very well.

Later on, the Upper and Lower IV A presented scenes from "Alice In Wonderland" and "Through The Looking Glass". These scenes were well done. Rosemary Grier taking the role of Alice, Louise Macfarlane that of the King of Hearts and Peggy Ann Macfarlane that of the White Knight. We feel that these actresses should try to enter into the spirit of their roles a little more.

"Six Who Pass While The Lentils Boil" put on by the Lower IV B was about a queen, who, because she was guilty of a breach of etiquette was to be beheaded. She fled to the house of a boy who hid her from the Dreadful Headsman until the clock struck twelve, when the queen was freed. The following, Janet Gilmour as the queen, Nancy McGill as the boy, Joan Bronson as the Mime, Elizabeth Marler as the Dreadful Headsman and Dorothy Walters as the Ballad-singer acted their parts quite well and the play was greatly enjoyed by the school. Dorothy Walters as the Ballad-singer sang with great success.

At the end of the Easter Term the Upper Third acted excerpts from A. A. Milne's "Toad of Toad Hall". In the first scene, Toad was at the court house where he was being tried. The successive scenes show the escape of Toad and these were acted very effectively. Although the singing could have perhaps been better, this play was greatly enjoyed by the audience who found it most amusing.

On May 21st. and 22nd. the Lower and Middle V are presenting Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer", to which we are eagerly looking forward.

The Characters are:

Marlow
Mr. Hardcastle
Hastings
Tony Lumpkin
Mrs. Hardcastle
Miss Kate Hardcastle
Miss Constance Neville

MENDEL BRONFMAN
SHEILA MERCER
JEAN UNWIN
PRISCILLA PENFIELD
DAPIENE FAIRBAIRN-SMITH
JACQUELINE WORKMAN
FRANCINE COLE

The prologue has been written by Pamela Ponder and the words to the song sung by Tony Lumpkin in the first act have been written by Diana Davis, Ann Grafton and Isobel Chapman. Betty Capon has written the music to these amusing verses.

The Third forms and Lower IV B are putting on "Rumpelstilzkin", a song play in two acts by Berta Elsmith, as their contribution to the school concert taking place at the end of term. Dorothy Walters and Cynthia Plant are acting the leading roles in this play to which we are all looking forward.

We would like to thank Miss Hancox and Miss Sanders for having given so much time in producing the plays, and also Miss Seath for the scenery which contributed largely to their atmosphere.

P. DAVIS.

A VISIT TO NOTRE DAME

It is strange how little one knows of one's own city: I discovered this the other day, when, with several others I visited, for the first time, the ancient basilica of Notre Dame. I had not dreamed that Montreal, the busy work-day Montreal that I know, had, hidden in its heart, a masterpiece that bears evidences of the lives of the men and women who founded the great metropolis that our city is today.

Not a very beautiful or imposing structure on the exterior, situated on a drab business street, one would not suspect, that, behind those old plain wooden doors, exists a glory that hardly pertains to this world.

One's first impression as one enters, is a subdued rainbow blaze of colour, dimly lighted here and there with flickering candles, and suffused with the faint, sweet odour of incense. The interior is vast, and, including the two balconies, there is seating space for five thousand people. The organ-pipes are large, and give forth a mellow, melodious sound. They are played upon nearly all the day, for the church-doors are kept open for twenty-four hours.

At the time of our visit there were very few people scattered through the church, some standing at the various shrines dedicated to the different saints, others praying at the stations of the cross, and still others kneeling on their prayer-stools, the tops of their heads just visible above the ornately carved backs of the pews. These people had probably just come into the church as refugees from the unceasing, busy whirl outside, to find in its great silent gloom, a sanctuary in which to momentarily lay aside their cares and fears. I observed one old man sitting silently, his crutches beside him, and his white head resting on his hand, listening to the soft organ music, and drinking in the restful beauty of his surroundings.

Though not a Catholic myself, I felt as if I should bend my knee before the altar above which smiled the benign faces of the Virgin and her Child.

The pulpit is of elaborately carved gold, and a twisty, spiral golden stair leads up to it.

Perhaps the only feature that reminded me that I was still in this

world was the fact that, since the church must be open all day, there were several thin, black-clad women moving silently about in the dim aisles and in the balconies, dusting the carved pillars and sweeping the carpeted floor, their electric vacuum making a low buzz which now and then rose above the organ's music, an incongruously modern sound in that old-world place. One of these women, observing our little group, remarked in a loud whisper to her companion, "Ah, les Américaines!"

Beside examining the cathedral itself we were fortunate enough to penetrate into the official part of that great institution, under the guidance of a kindly priest. Here we saw many fascinating documents carefully locked away from the dust. Here repose the records of the birth, marriage, and death of every Catholic citizen of Montreal since the founding of this city. Here, in a book so old that we expected it to crumble into dust, even at the careful touch of the priest, is the finely penned signature of Maison-neuve, attached as witness to a marriage certificate.

The walls in these rooms are lined with the pictures of former monks and priests who have served in the great church; and a precious treasure, a pair of gigantic candlesticks of solid silver, presented by Louis the Sixteenth of France to the church of Notre Dame in Montreal, stands in one corner.

At last we left this glorious structure which is not only a monument to God, but a lasting memorial to the men who wrought its glories of gold pillars and rainbow stained windows, and to all the men and women who have since served within its doors.

We felt, as the doors closed behind us, and we stepped again into the busy streets of modern Montreal, that we, too, had breathed some prayers into its holy atmosphere, as who could help doing, under the spell of such beauty?

MARGERY NELSON, *Upper V.*

OUR CLASSROOM

Our classroom is a place of learning
Here you may see our genius burning
As we sit in rows of four,
Facing the blackboard or the door.
A bust of Dante tops our books
He stares on us with scornful looks
As if to say you modern girls
Remind me of the swine and pearls.
Our books in coloured jackets bright
Make all our shelves a cheerful sight;
The insides on the other hand
Are not we find nearly as grand!
And though we think we suffer here
The room we find becomes quite dear
And when we leave, it's with regret,
Feeling we owe the room a debt.

A. BOND, *Lower V.*

LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA ABOUT 1832

It seems hard to look back over one hundred years, and imagine just what Canada looked like, but that is just what I am trying to do. I am going back about one hundred and eight years, and I am going to give an account of the life of Mrs. Traill, an English emigrant, who came out to Canada in eighteen-hundred and thirty-two, and settled in what is now the province of Ontario.

After spending several weeks on the ocean Mrs. Traill landed at Montreal, but she was horrified that such a large town, that people had said so much about should be so dirty and badly kept. She did not stay long in this filthy town, but left almost immediately for her destination, which was on a tributary of the Otonabee river in Ontario. Travelling at this time was certainly not very enjoyable, as the roads were nothing more than clearings through the woods, with many fallen trees, stones and stumps in the way, and the vehicles were only large boxes put on wheels and they very often fell apart; more than once Mrs. Traill fell out. After about a week of travelling she arrived at her brother's farm, where she stayed for the first few months, while her house was being built and some of her land cleared. The way in which the people of the backwoods had their houses built was by inviting all their neighbors to a "building bee". The neighbors would work all day, putting up the walls, then putting on the roof, and by night-time the house was nearly completed. Of course it was only a log house and not very well built. But "building bees" were always great fun and a great help to a new settler starting out, with nowhere to sleep except on the ground. After the house was built the land had to be cleared. That was a very long and tiresome job, and it was some years before the ground was ready to grow crops to feed the farm animals. It took about thirty years before a farm became self-supporting, but then one could make everything from soap to clothes from the products of the farm.

Mrs. Traill soon settled down on her small farm with her husband and enjoyed life very much. She spent her days studying Canadian nature and wrote a very good book called "Canadian Wild Flowers". In winter there was not so much to do, as it was sometimes too cold to go out and even in the house the mercury dropped to as low as twenty-five degrees sometimes.

The Indians were civilized by this time, and very hospitable. They gave many sleigh-rides and parties, which Mrs. Traill enjoyed very much. She was fond of her Indian neighbors, and did all she could to please them.

Though Mrs. Traill was sometimes sad and lonesome she enjoyed her life in the backwoods of Canada very much. She lived to the age of ninety-seven and though she is dead today, you may live her life over again in many of her enjoyable books.

D. DAVIS,
Lower F.



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

Sheila-Bell Mappin, Peggy Davis, Claire Fisher, Audrey Bovey (Captain),
Helen Malcolm, Barbara Walker, Patricia Nelson.



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row:--Jacqueline Hale, Nancy-Lee McMurry, Diana Davis, Diana White, Bernice
Anderson (Captain).

Front Row:--Barbara Hawkes, Florence Grimaldi, Betty Capon, Miriam Fees, Elizabeth
Hopkins.

THE CORRIDOR TRAIN

A Melodrama

Silently, swiftly, the long corridor train sped through the night. Its dark, streamlined cars swung round the curves one after another.

Inside car number thirteen the white ceiling lights blazed brightly, illuminating the green plush seats. Only seven people occupied the car, perhaps this was because of its unlucky number, and all of them were gathered near the front for company's sake.

In the first seat sat a rather pudgy business man, while opposite him was a blonde woman greatly bedecked with jangling jewelry. In the next seat a rather insignificant, mousey-haired woman was examining her passport while her very chic companion powdered her nose with careless abandon.

Next, a tall, distinguished, military-looking man was closely watching the shabby old man opposite him. The remaining occupant of the car was a middle-aged woman encircled by a large fox fur.

The tension of the car was broken by the business man:

"Do you mind if I open the window?" he demanded of his blonde companion.

"Not at all," was the rather honeyed answer. Then again the car lapsed into silence until the motor-man opened the door and called in a sing-song voice the name of the station they were approaching.

It was the sign for a general movement. The chic lady and her seat-mate rose for their coats.

"Now we can get a breath of fresh air on the platform," she said with a guttural accent.

"I think I will join you," said the business man raising himself from his seat with an effort.

As the door closed behind them the tall man asked the shabby peasant for a match. As it passed between them a look of fear crossed the middle-aged woman's face. But nothing further could be observed for at that moment the other passengers re-entered the car firmly ushered by two frontier officials who wore very grave faces.

"I demand to know why we cannot stand on the platform," expostulated the irate business man.

"There will be plenty of time later," said the official, "for we will remain here two or three hours. Owing to some news just received we have reason to believe that one of the occupants of this car is the possessor of a large diamond recently stolen from the Countess de Reven".

"Oh how fantastic," scolded the blonde with a gesture which set all her bracelets jangling.

"Impossible, preposterous," exclaimed the business man and the mousey-haired woman simultaneously.

"You must all stay here until further information is received" continued the official, but he was interrupted by a startled squeak from the mousey hair:—

"Oh that was it, that was the diamond," she cried wheeling on the lady with the accent. "You are the thief!"

"I do not understand," was the bewildered reply.

"What was that white parcel you threw out of the car window then?" was the taunting answer. At this to everybody's surprise she burst into tears. The military man looked mildly annoyed and he spoke rather sharply:—

"Come now, what did you throw out of the window?"

"What right have you to question her?" demanded the railway official.

"Every right," he replied, "I am a member of Scotland Yard." A thrill ran through the car and many of its occupants looked a little scared.

"Now come answer my question," he said, turning to the weeping girl.

"It wasn't a diamond," she sobbed, "it was a letter from my sister, telling me that my mother is dying," here she lapsed into tears again.

"And you crumpled it and threw it away," went on the detective.

"Yes."

"I don't believe a word of it," rejoined the business man.

"You needn't," was the calm reply. "the person who stole this diamond is in this car and it's not she!"

Panic was registered in six faces as they turned to look at each other suspiciously. Suddenly the air was pierced by a hysterical scream.

"All right I did it, I can't stand the strain, I took the diamond!"

All eyes turned to the middle aged woman, who was tugging violently at the exit door, but before she could open it, the quiet peasant had grasped her and the metallic gleam of handcuffs encircled her wrists. Blank surprise stood out on every face except those of the detective and the old man. Turning to the official the detective spoke.

"I'm sorry it had to happen in this way. I had hoped the news would have been held up as I intended to make my arrest at the station."

"Then you knew all the time," said the blonde.

"Yes, I had to make certain though. When I asked for that match it was a signal to my assistant," he replied, pointing at the peasant who had begun to look much more urban after the arrest.

At that moment there was a screeching of brakes and after an hour of drama the corridor train drew into the station.

ANNE BOND,
Lower IV.

MUSIC



This has been a very interesting year in the musical life of the school.

At Christmas we gave our usual carol concert, and, in addition to many of the old favourites, we sang several new songs including César Franck's "At the Cradle," "The Shepherd," a three-part song by Walford Davies and a beautiful chorale "Come, Thou, O Come" by Bach. The Old Girls joined us again and added to the enjoyment by singing two carols they had learned at school. The concert ended with "Adeste Fideles" sung by both the school and the Old Girls.

We feel we have made real progress in the music undertaken this year. For the first time, both Upper School entries in the Quebec Musical Competitive Festival included songs in three parts. Dr. C. H. Moody, choir-master of Ripon Cathedral judged the school music section and gave us his interesting and helpful criticism. In the Senior Open Class, we sang "The Shepherd" by Walford Davies, and "Nymphs and Shepherds" by Purcell. In the unaccompanied class we sang the English Folk song, "O Waly, Waly," and the well-known trio "Lift Thine Eyes" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." We came second in both classes. The adjudication for the unaccompanied singing was as follows:

A. "Quite in the folk-song way. Unaffected, straightforward singing. Fateful, clear tone. Good diction. Sincere."

B. "The tempo rather hurried. The voices as a rule blended well. The seconds might have been more assertive in the first line of the last page. Pitch well held."

The Fourths entered the Intermediate Open Class and sang, "Come, See Where Golden-Hearted Spring" by Handel, and a two-part song, "In Praise of May," by Ireland, and although they did not win, we all felt they had improved very much during the year.

The School's enthusiasm for music has been evident this year in the keen groups who have done part-singing out of school hours, at lunch time and at odd moments. They have worked up quite a repertoire of part songs, with the result that Virginia Wallbank, Miriam Tees and Priscilla Lobley entered the Festival in the Ladies' Trio Class, and came first. Since then they have added other singers to their group and are now wrestling with a book of songs in four parts.

The Pipe Class has also had an eventful year. We played at Miss Blanchard's piano recital, and for the ladies of the Church of the Messiah, where Miss Blanchard gave a talk on "Pipes, Past and Present." Another exciting experience, for which we practiced hard, was a five minute radio broadcast which we gave on a Festival programme. We entered two classes

in the Festival and, for the first time, had some competition. We won both classes; Grade A with 95 marks and Grade B with 86. The adjudication for Grade A was as follows:

"Charming, liquid notes. Very clean technique. The descant was just right in its proportion to the theme. The three part arrangement of 'And Would You See My Mistress' Face' was delightfully played, and the Morris Dance carried one right back to the old English countryside. A very musicianly performance in every way."

Before Easter, the Upper Third gave a play, "Toad of Toad Hall," which had some very pretty incidental music. At the moment the Thirds and Fourths are getting ready to give "Rumpelstiltskin," a musical play in two acts. This is quite an ambitious undertaking and the Middle School is working hard to make it a success when it is put on at the same time as our summer concert.

* * *

SKIING

A lot of little darky girls
Went skiing in town;
Starting from a certain point
Going down and down and down,
Rushing past the trees they went,
Round and over bumps,
Past some scared and startled priests
And stumbling over stumps;
Suddenly on the hill they spied
A milkman and his cart
Will we miss him and his cans?
Quickly, quickly, turn and dart,
All too late, a splitting cry
And no longer darkies, why?
Just because the milkman's milk
Was all over their faces now
And spread on their noses just like silk.
"Wow, listen, oh my head!"
The policeman and the milkman making a row
"Oh let's go home to bed."

AUDREY MACDERMOT,
Lower U. I.

OUR ADVENTURE AT OUR FARM AND THE FIRE

At noon, February 2nd, 1936, Teddy and Donnie, my two brothers, and myself were just going to take off our outside clothes when the cook came down saying excitedly that the house was on fire. Our governess got us out of the house, where Daddy told her to take us to the garage.

Each one of us wanted to rescue our money, which then seemed the most important thing to us, none of us did though, I remember losing four or five dollars of Christmas money.

People had seen the fire across the lake and had come, and Daddy had called the operator and asked her to phone people that lived around us to come and help us with the fire. By now the flames were leaping high and all the beams were showing and breaking. Piles of clothes, beds, tables, mattresses, sheets and flower pots. It was really funny, because some monks had come from the "Monastery" half a mile away, and the things they mostly saved were pots of flowers.

Mummy told Miss Morrison, our governess, to take us up to the "Monastery," because we would be in the way otherwise.

She took us up and there Donnie, Miss Morrison and I had dinner in a small sitting room, Teddy had lunch at 2:00 o'clock with Mummy and Daddy, I remember that they had corn on the cob.

When Mummy and Daddy were at dinner one of the "Fathers" asked us if we wanted to see the house, we answered yes and so he took us along a passage that had a large window at the end and a few doors on one side. One of the doors opened and a "Brother" stepped into the passage, he told the Father that no women were allowed there, so we had to turn back without seeing the house.

At about 2:25 we left in our snowmobile for Magog, fourteen miles away to get the 1:00 o'clock train. Daddy sat in the front with the driver, and we on the long seats at the back. Something happened, then the snowmobile tipped over on my side. Miss Morrison fell on top of me and I found her stepping on me.

We crawled out of the snowmobile and had to walk to the nearest farmhouse which was half a mile behind us. It took us a long time to get there because there was a very bad blizzard and it was twenty below zero. We had a cup of tea with the people, who were having afternoon tea.

When the snowmobile was uprighted we started on our way to Magog again, by this time it was about 3:15 p.m., and we had not gone half way.

We got to Magog at 4:30, and as we missed the train we went to some people Daddy knew and stayed there until the 8 o'clock train came in. We simply had to get to town as there was no place for us to sleep in the country.

When we got to the city, our aunt met us at the station. We stayed with her at her flat.

The house was burnt right down to the ground when Daddy telephoned two days after. Teddy's and my bicycle had been stolen, but had been recovered in Sherbrooke, twenty miles away, by one of our day men who happened to be there.

Many of our things had been saved but there were many burnt.

MARY FISHER,
Lower W. A.



A REAL STUDY GIRL?

My study hour is quite a thing,
 Home my books I hate to bring.
 My Geometry will never work
 The compass always makes a jerk.
 From History now I do adjourn
 Again I've corrected my last return.
 My English book is perfectly blank
 The speech I made was terribly rank.
 So now you see what's the matter with me,
 For a pride to 'The Study I never will be.

ANN GRAFFEY,
Lower V.

STUDY vs TRAF. FEB. 12th.

(With apologies to R. Southey)

It was a winter evening,
The game had just begun,
The second team were on the floor
And looking pretty glum,
Miss Moore had turned an awful green,
And cried "Good-luck my second team."

Trafalgar's score was mounting high,
Our girls were fighting hard,
The ball was often at our end
But could not pass their guard.
And at half-time we thought 'twould be
For Traf. a famous victory.

The second team came off the floor,
The score for Traf. was high,
Miss Moore began to lecture
And ended with a sigh:
"You are not playing hard," said she,
"For it must be a victory."

The members of the first team
Were placed out on the floor,
The whistle blew, the game was on,
And we began to score.
So from the start we hoped t'would be
Our great and famous victory.

Now Audrey's leaping in the air
To intercept the ball,
Now Sheila has it on the run,
Oh! it's out against the wall,
But things like that you know must be
In every famous victory.

The half-time whistle blew once more,
The score was six to five;
The girls came panting off the floor
We cheered the place alive.
It was a real good thing to see,
For so far 'twas our victory.

On came the second team again
With fire in their eyes;
"For if the first team does so well"
They cried, "We'll do likewise."
The game began with hopes 'twould be
For us a famous victory.

As soon as Betty got the ball!
She passed it to Bernice,
Because the shooting was so straight
Our score it did increase.
And when at last the whistle blew
The score was tie! 'twas really true.

Now the first teams reappeared,
The Game began once more,
Barbara Walker has the ball
And zipping down the floor.
Pat has shot, oh! will it be
One more for our great victory?

Peggy jumped up for the ball,
And hit it with a swirl—
According to the Referee
She'd hit another girl.
A foul for Peggy we can see
But still 'twill be a victory.

Now Audrey jumps up with the ball,
To shoot was in her mind;
A Traffite saw her slip away
And hit her from behind.
A free shot for us, oh what glee!
Hurrah! it's our great victory.

BERNICE ANDERSON
CLAIRE FISHER



UPPER A FORM:

Sally Aitken
Joan Ashby
Barbara Beall
Elizabeth-Ann Berlyn
Willa Birks
Sheila Campbell
Sally Matthews
Patsy MacDermot
Mona Macfarlane
Jane McCarthy
Rosamond McDougall

Elizabeth McLennan
Katherine Paterson
Mary Robertson
Jocelyn Rutherford
Marigold Savage
Mary Stewart
Mary Tellier
Nancy Todd
June Walker
Anne Yuile

LOWER A FORM:

Willa Benson
Ann Bushell
Jill Crossen
Martha Fisher
Lucy Hodgson
Diana Mather
Barbara MacLean
Belle MacLean
Sally McDougall

Joanna McLeod
Sylvia Ponder
Jennifer Porteous
Diana Sutherland
Lucinda Vaughan
Shirley-Anne Wales
Norma Wight
Joan Young

UPPER B FORM:

Gail Cottingham
Heather Cunyn
Mary-Anne Currie
Beryl-Jean Lanctot
Ann Hutchison
Mary-Jane Hutchison
Joan Mackay
Elizabeth-Ann Nelson

Mary Newcomb
Margaret Notman
Philippa Osler
Daphne Pangman
Susan Porteous
Sonia Robertson
Gerda Thomas
Priscilla Wanklyn

LOWER B FORM:

Frances Bushell
Diana Gaherty
Virginia Govier
Ela Heward
Joanne Hodgson

Susan Marler
Anne Pangman
Yvonne Perrault
Mary Stewart

MURRAY BAY

In Murray Bay I like to swim
The water's cold and green,
With people shouting all about
It is a merry scene.

And when we've had enough of that
In the sun we lie us down,
And watch the grown-up people dive,
Then get all hot and brown.

JENNIFER PORTEOUS,
Lower A.

JACK

Jack climbed up the Beanstalk
Oh ever so high,
In search of the Giant
That lived over the sky.

Then in came the Giant,
He cried, when he came home
"Oh Wife! Oh Wife! What's in your room?
I smell a little Gnome!"

"Here is your dinner,
Now don't be such a guss!
It is the little lamb I baked
So don't make all that fuss!"

"Bring me my magic hen," he cried
"So that I may have gold."
But the Giant soon got sleepy
Then up Jack stepped so bold.

He stole the magic hen away
Then home to his Mother went
To bring the wonderful news to her
Not to worry about the rent.

MARY TELLIER,
Upper A.

BABIES

I like babies fat and brown,
Big round faces
Often in a frown,
You pick them up and they want to get down.

JENNIFER PORTEOUS,
Lower A.

A DEAD MAN'S SECRET

As Mathew Stanley looked up at the planets he wondered if anybody lived on Mars and if they were civilized. As Stanley looked at them he wondered also if you could get in touch with the Martians.

Then suddenly an idea came to him. Why could he not try to get in touch with them. He knew a lot about machinery and radios. So the next day he started to make a portable radio. It took him two months to make it. When he had finished it he decided to experiment with it and see if he could get a station that ordinary radios could not get. He worked on it for a week. Then one day when he turned it on he heard a noise as if people were talking in Latin or Greek. It was too faint to find out if it was people at all. Stanley fiddled a bit and slowly the noise became louder until it was just right. Then he listened.

At last Stanley decided to make an aeroplane and fly to Mars. So Stanley started to make an aeroplane. It took him one year to make it. So in May, 1918, Stanley started on a long journey. He flew till he had only a little bit of oil left, not enough to go another mile.

He saw the speedometer go up to a hundred miles an hour. In a little while Stanley saw a ball no bigger than your thumb. But it grew bigger very quickly.

He could see mountains and rivers and trees, and even houses. Suddenly Stanley realized that the Martians had some sort of magnet and were pulling him to Mars. Then the plane gave a jerk and stood still.

The door was opened by a man very like himself except that he was redder. Stanley got out and the Martian led him to a large building. The Martian opened the door and he and Stanley went into a big room where many Martians were standing beside a radio. They showed Stanley the radio and turned it on and the man on the radio said:

"This is the latest news from England." The Martians made many signs but Stanley did not understand them.

They took him round to many factories and he looked through many telescopes at the world.

He lived on Mars for a year and learned to speak the language of the people. Then Stanley went back to earth. For twelve years he kept in touch with Mars by his radio. He died in 1930.

MONA MACFARLANE,
Upper A.

A SAD STORY

Once a common man lived in a miserable country. The country was miserable because it had just lost a war and was in a muddle. The man was a paper hanger by trade. He thought that if he could get some power he would make the country strong again. So he planned and he plotted until he was put in prison, where he plotted some more. After he came out of prison people began to believe him, and at last he got some power.

Then he said to the people, "you must work and drill and not play

too much." And they did that, and the country began to get strong and the man got more power. But now instead of getting good ideas, he began to get bad ones. He thought "instead of loving people we will hate them." So he started hating Jews. Even though they were good and clever, doctors, writers, musicians, he drove them out of their homes. Then he started snatching little countries, and making them miserable.

At last the big free countries were so ashamed of him, that they were forced to send their armies, and so all those countries that love peace are now at war.

The man's name was Hitler.

JENNIFER PORTEOUS,
Lower A.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN LADY JANE GREY AND LORD GUILDFORD DUDLEY IN THE TOWER.

Lady Jane: "Oh My Lord it seems sad that we are to leave this world, but let us be brave. This last day that we are to spend together, let us not think of tomorrow, but think of the nine happy days we have had together. Don't the birds sing prettily? Aren't the flowers bright?"

"We are so young to leave the earth. I do not think Mary realizes what a cruel and unkind thing she is doing, do you? But we will forgive her."

Lord Dudley: "Yes My Lady it does seem sad, but be brave, we will meet again in Heaven. Let us pass this day in gladness, do not think about tomorrow, and the sad things to come. How beautifully the sun is shining, just as if it knew that this was our last day together. When I have to leave you, be brave for we shall soon meet again and never be parted. So let us forgive Mary for her cruel deed."

SALLY AITKEN,
Upper A.

FLOWERS

The flowers are all
Along the street
And when I walk past
They tickle my feet.

After the rain
They bloom again
We make wreaths so fair
To twine in our hair.

JOCelyn RUTHERFORD,
Upper A.



At the beginning of our Brownie year so many of our last year Brownies returned that unfortunately we were not able to take in as many recruits or "Tweenies" as we would have liked to have had; but we hope that those who did not have a chance to join us last September may do so next year.

We had sixteen old Brownies and eight "Tweenies." The Sixers were Elizabeth Fleming, Jean Ruthertord, Cynthia Plant, and Mary Tellier; the Seconders, Mary Stewart, Elspeth Angus, Mary Hugesson, and Joan Ashby.

Nine 2nd. Class or Golden Bar Badges were presented to Mary Stewart, Elspeth Angus, Mary Hugesson, Marigold Savage, Elizabeth McLennan, Sheilah Campbell, Mary Tellier, Joan Ashby and Jocelyn Ruthertord.

One 1st. Class or Golden Hand Badge was given to Frances Patch who left us, and flew up to Guides. Martha Morgan also flew up at the beginning of the year, having won her Golden Hand Badge last year.

The Brownies, having a little extra money in the bank, decided that they would like to help other Brownies less fortunate, so they supplied the Brownies of the 69th. Pack with ties.

We are now looking forward to the Rally at which the Brownies are taking part in a Street scene. They are all to be Motor cars!

Peggy Durnford, our Tawny Owl, and I would like to wish all those Brownies who are to be Guides the best of luck, and extend a welcome to those who are returning next year.

ANNE WALLACE, (*Brown Owl*).

THE SQUIRREL

High up in a tree
A gray squirrel sat
His tail it was bushy
His cheeks they were fat
His head was so glossy
His eyes were so bright
In his little black paws
A nut he held tight
When he saw me coming
He scampered away
Perhaps he'll come back
Some other fine day.

SYLVIA PONDER, *Lower A.*



LIST OF OFFICERS

Honorary President

MISS HARVEY

President

MARGARET PATCH

Vice-President

PERCIVAL MACKENZIE

Secretary

DOROTHEA HAMILTON

Treasurer

JOANNA FARRELL

Committee

MRS. STIRLING MAXWELL

REBECCA JONES

MRS. DONALD MACINNES

MARGERY HUTCHISON

ELIZABETH MCCONKEY

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

The Study Old Girls Association has completed another active and successful year.

At the annual business meeting last November, officers for the year 1939-1940 were elected, and five new members were welcomed into the Association.

At Christmas time, the Old Girls took part in the School Carol Concert, and during the Easter Term a basketball game was played against the school. Meetings of the committee have been held from time to time as the need has arisen.

As the magazine could not be published without financial help, it was decided that we could give no better gift to the school, than the magazine — or rather, a small part of it. So that has been our present this year. I would like to take this opportunity to thank the editors for all the time and thought that they have spent upon it, and to congratulate them on such a successful issue.

Respectfully submitted,

MARGARET PATCH.

MOSTLY ABOUT LIMA, PERU

I had often read about the Blue Pacific, tropical breezes, palm trees and beautiful sandy beaches, but never did I think that my dreams would come true. Here I am, though, and I might add here and now that it is much more lovely than words could possibly describe.

Before I sailed I had not been south of New York. Imagine my excitement to be on my way to Peru. After two weeks on the boat we landed at Callao, which is really the seaport to Lima, although nine miles away. The first thing I noticed when I landed was the slow and easy-going way everyone had throughout their daily activities; it is the heat, even the donkeys are slow, nothing hurries. It is a great relief, although annoying when you yourself are in a hurry. We went directly from Callao to Lima. Lima is a truly beautiful place; the main buildings are made of white stone with beautifully carved balconies which give a very artistic effect. The residential section is lovely, but I was amazed to see that rich and poor live practically in the same district. The poor are very poor — they build their houses or hovels usually of clay bricks which they bake themselves in the sun, or if they are not well enough off to do that then they put up bamboo poles and plaster clay over them. Whole families live in one room, including the chickens and dogs. Exactly how they exist is beyond me; they and everything about them are so filthy and full of germs.

There is a very good description of Lima in Blair Niles' book, "Peruvian Pageant," where she says "Over the way, balconies similar to mine look down upon the high shops. Buses pass, all going in the same direction, the street being so narrow that they must return by another way. And there is always a great congestion of automobiles. A push-cart selling alligator pears works its way among them, and another, this time painted scarlet and labelled "helados" advertises itself by the tooting of a horn. Lima loves ices, and the halting of the helados cart holds up traffic. Then a woman with a cerise mantle closely wrapped about her head draws my eyes to the sidewalk, to marvel at her great shawl of royal blue and the immensely full bottle-green skirt which reaches to her ankles. She is followed by women trimly got up in gray suits with gray hats, or black hats with gray suits, and all mounted upon high-heeled pumps. There are prayerful crones, too, with black lace veils instead of hats, rosaries in their hands, and the thought of Mass in their eyes. Dignified gentlemen stop short to embrace and pat each other on the back, or there is a sedate nun, all in black with a stiff white bib — a girl in a bright pink dress, a man loaded with brooms and feather-dusters, a cart heaped with oranges and mangoes under a white awning. And there are always messengers passing with flowers, baskets of fruit and set-pieces — lilies and roses, sweet peas, heliotrope, jasmin, carnations, violets, — for Lima adores flowers."

The country is beautiful. Some people say it is depressing, because there is so much desert, but that is what I think is so fascinating, for wherever there is water, there the most beautiful green things grow. The flowers are gorgeous and bloom all the year round — there are so many

wonderful fruits, and all of them new to a Northerner like myself. One has to be so careful of the water and fruit down here — all the water must be boiled, and no fruit is eaten unless the skin is removed — even each grape is peeled.

The beaches are lovely and the bathing wonderful. Everyone in Lima swims, especially in the summer time, when the offices have what they call "summer hours," allowing the people to be free between 12 and 3 o'clock. They all go to the beach for a swim and have lunch there, and get so brown and healthy looking. There is a very good surf at most of these beaches — some ride it on boards or air-mattresses, and others in a stiff position, travelling far up the beach on their stomachs.

Lima has a very lovely country club, where there are very nice tennis-courts, a golf course and a swimming pool. Around the golf course there is a bridle path for horses, as many people ride in Lima, especially in the winter. In the summer it is too hot to ride during the day, so we used to get up at six in the morning, or else go out in the cool of the evening.

No matter where you drive, even right in Lima, there are old Inca ruins. They consist mostly of great mounds of what used to be mud bricks: all bricks down here are made with the clay, because it so seldom rains, and these bricks are very serviceable. At Chan Chan, which is about 300 miles north of Lima and about 30 miles inland, there are ruins covering 11 sq. miles where once was the capital of the Kingdom of the great Chimo. Some of these walls are over 40 feet high in the city, and are beautifully laid out as palaces and gardens, baths, storehouses and water tanks. "Its walls were covered with arabesques in geometric design, and with murals of scenes painted in black and shades of red, yellow, orange and blue. Chan Chan stands now abandoned and disintegrated, piled with drift sands; what remained of its arabesques and murals were washed away by the rains which in 1925 fell so unexpectedly upon this normally rainless coast."

Everyone digs for mummies in these ruins; it is very exciting, I am told, and has to be gone about in a very scientific way. When the Incas buried their dead they believed in after life, so they gave them everything they might need. Some of the things that have been found are beautifully worked in gold and silver. They usually have some necklaces made of precious stones, and a little piece of gold in the roof of their mouth. They are always in a crouching position, i.e., with their knees up under their chins and their arms around them. They are wrapped first in a fine cloth, something like linen, with a sort of open design in it, then there are yards and yards of thicker material of different colours and designs, which makes the mummy about three times its real size.

We are going up into the hills soon, and when we come back we are going into the jungle. That is what is so fascinating about this country: there is such a variety of climates — as, for instance, we could be bathing just three miles out of Lima, then in three hours time go skiing up in the mountains, or in a few more hours be in the thick of the jungle, or walking in the blazing hot desert. It is a beautiful country, with its green valleys

of cotton and sugar-cane, and its brown, bare, sandy hills with great trees of green cacti growing on them. I love it all. I have only been here a month, but I hope to stay three, so I shall see much more before I leave.

IRENE IRWIN,
APRIL, 1910.

OLD GIRLS NEWS

ENGAGEMENTS

Patricia Bate to Robert D. Prince, Esq., New York.
Viva Johnston to John LeM. Carter, Esq.
Peggy Kingstone to Frank L. Stuart, Esq.
Elizabeth McDougall to Philip A. Logan, Esq.

MARRIAGES

Phyllis Daniels to Victor Hugman, Esq.
Helen Davis to David A. Law, Esq.
Shirley Goodall to Lieutenant John F. Stairs, R.C.N.
Ann Jacobs to George D. Rosengarten, Esq.
Pamela Kemp to Franklin H. Dillingham, Esq.
Mary Lyman to Kenneth B. Thomson, Esq.
Charlotte Macfarlane to Edward M. Detchon, Esq.
Sheila Macfarlane to Donald C. Markey, Esq.
Norah Magee to William Breese, Esq., Washington.
Helen Scott to Meredith Smith, Esq.
Margaret Stairs to Arthur Budden, Esq.
Sylvia Thornhill to Douglas Cooper, Esq., Toronto.
Joanna Wright to Mark Farrell, Esq.
Shelagh Young to Alfred Keator, Esq.

Patsy Hale has a job in the outdoor clinic of the Royal Victoria Hospital and is also a lieutenant of the 8th. Company.

Dorothea Hamilton and *Irene Irwin* have been visiting in Lima, Peru, for the last three months.

Percival Mackenzie is continuing her commercial art course at the Art Gallery. She has also taken V.A.D. and C.A.D. courses.

Barbara MacCallum is taking singing lessons with Mde. Donalds. She came first in the Class A soprano section of the Quebec Music Festival.

Lilias Savage has a job as tutor in Bermuda.

Kathie Macdonald has taken a post-graduate course in Botany and Zoology at Radcliffe College and is going to Woods Hole, Mass., for six weeks this summer to continue working for her M.A.

Margie Macdonald took a course in Psychiatric Nursing at the Westchester Division of the New York Hospital at White Plains this winter. She has now been given a position on the staff.

Mary Fowler is taking a business course at the Mother House.

Betty Lyman has been working for the Red Cross.

Elizabeth Ferguson is taking the Commercial Art course at the Art Gallery.

Mary Harling is finishing her nurse's training at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Gillian Hessey-White has been working for the Red Cross. She also had an important part in "The Unguarded Hour", one of the M.R.T.'s major productions.

Janet Hutchison has been working almost every day since the outbreak of war at Red Cross Headquarters.

Althea Morris is taking a course in Fashion drawing at the Art Gallery.

Barbara Kemp is working at the General Hospital and is very active in the C.A.D.C.

Joan Patch has been working at Red Cross Headquarters. She has taken the V.A.D. course and is a sergeant in the C.A.D.C.

Alice Patch is finishing a commercial art course with A. C. Valentine.

Margaret Patch has been working at Red Cross Headquarters. She is also a lieutenant with the 8th. Company.

Dorothy Osborne is working at McGill under the Ministry of Defence on the problem of blood banks.

Ruth Mary Penfield has finished her last year at Bryn Mawr having majored in History of Art and German.

Norah Richardson has been studying singing with Miss Bennett, working in the library at the Royal Victoria Hospital and taking a singing class in Griffintown once a week.

Renée Papineau has been studying at the Art Gallery. She has also taken the V.A.D. course.

Ann Armstrong is working under Dr. Huskins in the Genetics Department of McGill University.

Gwyneth McConkey has been studying at the Montreal School of Interior Decoration.

Peggy Kingstone has been working at Red Cross Headquarters and has also taken the V.A.D. and C.A.D. courses.

Betty Weldon is working in the Registrar's Office at McGill University.

Elizabeth McConkey has been taking a course in commercial art at Sir George William's College.

Marjorie Price is in Camberley, England, in the Army Transport Service.

Patricia Budden is secretary to the Director of the Montreal School of Social Work.

Philippa Jane Hutchins has been working in one of the Royal Victoria Hospital clinics and doing Junior League work.

Jessie Stirling and *Peggy Durnford* have been taking business courses at the Mother House.

Diana Walker has been doing Red Cross and Junior League work.

Ethel Enderby is working in the main office of the Royal Bank.

Barbara Whitley did several monologues written by Stephen Leacock on the radio this winter.

Daphne Montifiore is captain of a Guide company and a Ranger company and is also at the M.R.F. school.

Nancy Montifiore is studying life drawing at the Art Gallery and is also helping with a Brownie company.

Phyllis Elder is an active member of the Junior League and the V.A.D.C.

Old Girls taking courses at McGill include:—

ARTS:					
MARGERY HUTCHISON	1st year	GRACE FLINTOFT	4th year		
WINNIFRED MOLSON	2nd year	MARGARET GRAHAM	4th "		
MARY SCOTT FRY	3rd year	KATHERINE GURD	4th "		
BETTY WOODYATT	3rd "	BARBARA WHITLEY	4th "		
SCIENCE:					
MARION SAVAGE	2nd year	JEAN GORDON	3rd year		
SYDNEY FISHER	3rd year	BEATRICE NORSWORTHY	3rd year		
PARTIAL:					
JOAN CLARKSON	Arts	ADELE ROBERTON	Arts		
MARGARET KNOX	"	JOAN MURRAY SMITH	"		
MARGERY PATERSON	"	MARJORIE SCHOFIELD	Music		

S.O.G.A. MEMBERS

A			
ADAMS: Emily	4333	Westmaunt Ave., Westmaunt	WI. 5959
ANDERSON: Jean	4065	Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal	FI. 1228
ANDERSON: Jaan	5021	Glencairn Ave., Westmaunt	EL. 6360
ARMSTRONG: Ann	15	Willow Ave., Montreal	EL. 0636
B			
BARR: Mrs. Andrew (Margaret Gardan)		Hemel, Hamstead, Herts, England.	
BATE: Patricia	3239	Cedar Ave., Westmaunt	WE. 1261
BENSON: Dorothy	3427	Ontario Ave., Montreal	PL. 2353
BEVERIDGE: Elizabeth	3241	Cedar Ave., Westmaunt	WE. 3241
BIRKS: Shelia	1469	Drummond St., Montreal	MA. 1828
BLAIR: Dorothy	752	Upper Lansdowne Ave., Westmaunt	EL. 4505
BLANCHARD: Miss	1898	Darchester St. W., Montreal	WI. 5312
BREESE: Mrs. William (Nara Magee)	3011	Gates Rd., Washington, D.C.	
BRODIE: Mrs. Edgar (Betty Knox)	114	Haven Greene Court, Ealing Broadway, London, S.W.5, England.	
BROWNING: Javce	55	Fitzjames Ave., Addiscambe, Crayden, Surrey, England.	
BUDDEN: Patricia	3492	Peel St., Montreal	PL. 7362
BUDDEN: Mrs. Arthur (Margaret Stairs)	4065	Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal	WI. 9160
BYINGTON: Janice	3210	Westmaunt Blvd., Westmaunt	FI. 2949
C			
CAPE: Mrs. Jahn (Betty Ogilvie)	6	Richelieu Place, Montreal	LA. 5824
CLARKSON: Jaan	524	Maunt Pleasant Ave. Westmaunt	FI. 0802
CUSHING: Mrs. J. C. (Ethel Lamplough)	8	Trafalgar Ave., Montreal	WI. 4672
COOPER: Mrs. Douglas (Sylvia Tharnhill)	707	Eglinton Ave., Forest Hill Village, Toronto.	
D			
DAWES: Mrs. R. J. (Osla Cairns)	1632	Seafarth Ave., Montreal	FI. 9450
DEACON: Mrs. D. (Miss Kirkham)		c/a Dr. A. T. Henderson, 50 St. Sulpice Rd., Montreal	FI. 6694
DOBELL: Mrs. Curzan (Isabel Barclay)	110	St. Joseph St., Darval, P.Q.	Tel. Lachine 952-J
DONNELLY: Edith	3010	Westmaunt Blvd., Westmaunt	FI. 9989
DUCLOS: Ruth	576	Grasvenar Ave., Westmaunt	EL. 9379
DURNFORD: Peggy	1597	Pine Ave. W., Montreal	FI. 8270
DILLINGHAM: Mrs. Frank H. (Pamela Kemp)	186	Dufferin Rd., Hampstead	WA. 4013
DETHON: Mrs. E. M. (Charlotte MacFarlane)		c/a 1754 Cedar Ave., Montreal	FI. 7030
E			
EBERTS: Mrs. Herman (Mary Arden Stead)	144	St. Joseph St., Darval, P.Q.	Tel. Lachine 1857-W
ELDER: Phyllis	3738	Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal	FI. 4236
ENDERBY: Amy	504	Mauntain Ave., Westmaunt	WE. 1881
ENDERBY: Ethel	504	Mauntain Ave., Westmaunt	WE. 1881
EVANS: Mabel	3495	Peel St., Montreal	PL. 1387

F			
FERGUSON: Elizabeth	642	Murray Hill, Westmount	FI. 8312
FISHER: Sydney	56	Belvedere Circle, Westmount	FI. 1411
FLINTOFT: Grace	4305	Montrase Ave., Westmount	WE. 5759
FOWLER: Mary	610	Argyle Ave., Westmount	WE. 2027
FRY: Mary Scott	4065	Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal	WI. 4591
FURSE: Mrs. Charles (Grace Shearwood)	4095	Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal	FI. 1052
FARRELL: Mrs. Mark (Joanna Wright)	3615	Lorne Crescent, Montreal	HA. 1713
G			
GARROW: Muriel	75	Rosemaunt Ave., Westmount	FI. 9260
GAUDION: Madame (Mademoiselle Boucher)	1620	Selkirk Ave., Montreal	WI. 5643
GORDON: Mrs. Howard (Margaret Black)	3100	Gouin Blvd., Cartierville, P.Q.	BY. 0293
GORDON: Jean		Marigold Farm, R.R.3, Lachute, P.Q.	
GRAHAM: Kathleen	3160	Daulac Rd., Westmount	FI. 4077
GRAHAM: Margaret	3160	Daulac Rd., Westmount	FI. 4077
GRAHAM: Mary	3160	Daulac Rd., Westmount	FI. 4077
GURD: Katherine	3180	Westmount Blvd., Westmount	FI. 3855
H			
HAGUE: Miss	1634	Dorchester St. W., Montreal	WI. 7231
HALE: Patricia	3193	Westmount Blvd., Westmount	FI. 6548
HAMILTON: Dorothea	3207	Westmaunt Blvd., Westmount	FI. 6057
HANCOX: Miss	1235	Greene Ave., Westmount	WI. 2476
HANSON: Patricia	1516	Pine Ave. W., Montreal	FI. 9531
HARLING: Mary	1491	Crescent St., Montreal	PL. 1978
HART: Marion	9	Hudson Ave., Westmount	WE. 4626
HARVEY: Miss	1565	Pine Ave. W., Montreal	WI. 4898
HESSEY-WHITE: Gillian	3980	Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal	FI. 7151
HINGSTON: Cynthia	424	Metcalfe Ave., Westmount	FI. 6688
HODGSON: Joan	322	Redfern Ave., Westmount	FI. 0616
HODGSON: Mrs. J. Archibald (Anne Hyde)	1540	Pine Ave. W., Montreal	FI. 1344
HUGESSEN: Hon. Mrs. A. K. (Peggy Duggan)	3576	McTavish St., Montreal	PL. 5314
HUTCHINS: Philippa Jane	1285	Redpath Cres., Montreal	HA. 5093
HUTCHISON: Janet	4294	Montrase Ave., Westmount	FI. 3275
HUTCHISON: Margery	3218	Cedar Ave., Westmount	FI. 0906
HUGMAN: Mrs. V. M. (Phyllis Daniels)	4885	Queen Mary Rd., Montreal	DE. 7059
I			
IRWIN: Irene	4351	Westmount Ave., Westmount	WE. 1478
J			
JOHNSTON: Mrs. H. Wyatt (Beatrice Lyman)	4048	Gage Rd., Montreal	FI. 6169
JOHNSTON: Viva	3206	Westmaunt Blvd., Westmount	WE. 5918
JONES: Rebecca	4167	Dorchester St., Westmount	FI. 3974
JONES: Marjorie	4167	Dorchester St., Westmount	FI. 3974
K			
KEMP: Barbara	70	Forden Ave., Westmount	WE. 4581
KINGSTONE: Peggy	1414	Redpath Crescent, Montreal	PL. 5412
KNOX: Katherine	3228	Cedar Ave., Westmount	FI. 6742
KNOX: Margaret	3228	Cedar Ave., Westmount	FI. 6742
KEATOR: Mrs. Alfred (Shelagh Young)	5318	Snowden Ave.	WA. 4320
L			
LAW: Mrs. David (Helen Davis)	1227	Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal	HA. 6032
LYMAN: Betty	3482	McTavish St., Montreal	PL. 2906
M			
MacCALLUM: Barbara	464	Argyle Ave., Westmount	WE. 1585
MACDONALD: Katherine	456	Argyle Ave., Westmount	WE. 1743
MACDONALD: Margaret	456	Argyle Ave., Westmount	WE. 1743
MARKEY: Mrs. Donald (Sheila MacFarlane)	4870	Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal	AT. 8631
MacINNES: Mrs. Donald (Jane Leggat)	491	Mount Pleasant Ave., Westmount	WE. 4675
MacKELLAR: Mrs. Andrew (Phoebe Nobbs)		c/o 38 Belvedere Rd., Westmount	WE. 4612
MacKENZIE: Percival	3425	Redpath St., Montreal	PL. 1938
MANN: Clair	3015	Sherbrooke St., Montreal	FI. 7761
MAXWELL: Mrs. H. Stirling (Betty Kemp)	900	Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal	MA. 9875
McBRIDE: Patricia		Apt. 10, 1374 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal	HA. 1705
McCALL: Mrs. Alan (Dolly Davidson)	619	Clarke Ave., Westmount	WE. 3358
McCONKEY: Gwyneth	4070	Highland Ave., Westmount	FI. 8917
McCONKEY: Elizabeth	4070	Highland Ave., Westmount	FI. 8917
McCONNELL: Mrs. John (Audrey Lyman)	105	Cedar Ave., Pointe Claire, P.Q.	Pointe Claire 607
McDONALD: Betsy	18	Edgehill Rd., Westmount	WE. 2446
McDOUGALL: Elizabeth	1528	Pine Ave. W., Montreal	FI. 9550
McDOUGALL: Marqot	3045	Cedar Ave., Montreal	FI. 9764
MEIGHEN: Mrs. Theodore (Peggy Robinson)	4065	Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal	WI. 4741
MOLSON: Mrs. T. H. P. (Celia Cantlie)	10	de Ramezay Rd., Montreal	FI. 2600
MOLSON: Winnifred	1507	Crescent St., Montreal	PL. 3515
MOLSON: Jane		Nurse's Home, Montreal General Hospital.	
MONTEFIORE: Daphne	4331	Western Ave., Westmount	FI. 5524
MONTEFIORE: Nancy	4331	Western Ave., Westmount	FI. 5524
MONTGOMERY: Enid	3562	Mountain St., Montreal	PL. 6502
MOORE: Miss	666	de l'Epee Ave., Outremont	CA. 7115
MORGAN: Mrs. Theodore (Margaret Molson)	46	Sunnyside Ave., Westmount	WE. 5685
MORRIS: Altheo	3090	Trafalgar Ave., Westmount	FI. 8331

N			
NORSWORTHY Beatrice	29 de Ramezay Rd., Westmount	FI.	3187
O			
OSBORNE: Dorothy	c/o Mrs. R. Shiell, 16 Braeside Place, Westmount	WE.	4578
P			
PAPINEAU: Renée	491 Argyle Ave., Westmount	WE.	1942
PATCH: Alice	118 Aberdeen Ave., Westmount	WE.	4448
PATCH: Joan	3156 Westmount Blvd., Westmount	FI.	2882
PATCH: Margaret	118 Aberdeen Ave., Westmount	WE.	4448
PATERSON: Margery	4311 Montrose Ave., Westmount	WE.	6985
PENFIELD: Ruth Mary	4302 Montrose Ave., Westmount	FI.	1889
PORTEOUS: Mrs. John G. (Cora Kennedy)	3063 Cedar Ave., Montreal	FI.	8253
PRICE: Marjorie	c/o Bank of Montreal, 9 Waterloo Place, London, Eng.		
PYKE: Mary Lee	3238 Westmount Blvd., Westmount	WE.	4196
R			
REED: Mrs. Gordon (Marion Crawford)	St. Sauveur Des Monts, P.Q.		
RICHARDSON: Norah	561 Roslyn Ave., Westmount	DE.	5890
RITCHIE: Madame (Mademoiselle Boucher)	1675 Lincoln Ave., Montreal	WI.	6957
ROBERTON: Adele	3118 Daulac Rd., Westmount	WE.	1973
ROBINSON: Helen	3070 Westmount Blvd., Westmount	FI.	6600
ROSS: Mrs. Alan (Dorothy Hyde)	35 Ellerdale Rd., Hampstead	PL.	2343
ROSENGARTEN: Mrs. George D. (Ann Jacobs)	c/o 334 Cote St. Antoine Rd., Westmount	WE.	2091
S			
SAERGERT: Mrs. J. M. (Anne Fyshe)	c/o Mrs. Maxwell Fyshe, 7 Viewmount Rd., Montreal	FI.	4275
SARE: Daphne	1540 St. Mark St., Montreal	WI.	2883
SAVAGE: Lilius	1456 St. Matthew St., Montreal	FI.	4812
SAVAGE: Marion	1456 St. Matthew St., Montreal	FI.	4812
SCHOFIELD: Marjorie	3311 Cedar Ave., Westmount	WE.	1762
SCHWOB: Betty	3015 Sherbrooke St., Apt. 10, Montreal	WI.	1670
SCOTT: Mrs. Frank (Marion Dale)	50 Summit Circle, Westmount	WI.	9619
SEATH: Miss	361 Melville Ave., Westmount	WI.	2927
SHAW: Hilda	1374 Sherbrooke St. W., Westmount	MA.	8876
SHEPHERD: Mrs. F. J. (Elizabeth McArthur)	67 Berkeley St., West Newton, Mass, U.S.A.		
SISE: Frances	1266 Redpath Crescent, Montreal	PL.	3714
SMITH: Joan Murray	3019 St. Sulpice Rd., Montreal	FI.	5474
SMITH: Mrs. Meredith (Helen Scott)	4870 Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal	AT.	7452
SPRINKLE: Mrs. John E. (Margery Dodd)	235 Charlotte St., Ottawa		
STAIRS: Mrs. John (Shirley Goodall)	2 Hampton Court, Cook St., Victoria, B.C.		
STANSFIELD: Ellen	3182 Westmount Blvd., Westmount	FI.	4152
STARKEY: Mrs. Hugh (Charlotte Stairs)	3591 University St., Montreal	MA.	3990
STAVERT: Mrs. Ewart (Kathleen Rosamond)	635 Carlton Ave., Westmount	WI.	5593
STIRLING: Jessie	1612 Selkirk Ave., Montreal	FI.	1571
SWENERTON: Marjorie	649 Grosvenor Ave., Westmount	EL.	5269
T			
THOMAS: Mrs. A. J. (Gerda Parsons)	4466 Western Ave., Westmount	FI.	4493
THOMPSON: Mrs. Kenneth (Mary Lyman)	c/o 3482 McTavish St., Montreal	PL.	2906
THORNHILL: Eleanor	172 Edgehill Rd., Westmount	WE.	6987
THORNTON: Olive	1531 Macgregor St., Montreal	FI.	0835
TROOP: Julia	3869 Cote des Neiges Rd., Montreal	WI.	5204
W			
WALKER: Mrs. David (Willa MaGee)	"Pitleoch", Edinburgh Rd., Perth, Scotland.		
WALKER: Diana	3053 Cedar Ave., Montreal	FI.	1204
WEBSTER: Mrs. Colin (Jean Frosst)	52 Gordon Crescent, Westmount	DE.	4841
WELDON: Betty	355 Olivier Ave., Westmount	FI.	5961
WHITE: Mrs. Gerald (Aileen Stairs)	c/o 3441 Peel St., Montreal	PL.	3930
WHITLEY: Barbara	4339 Westmount Ave., Westmount	WE.	5395
WILKINSON: Peggy	22 Holton Ave., Westmount	WI.	1795
WINSLOW: Mrs. Kenelm (Marjorie Stevenson)	22 Riverside Drive, Lachine, P.Q.	Lachine	893
WOOD: Helen	25 Holton Ave., Westmount	FI.	5136
WOODYATT: Betty	3197 Westmount Blvd., Westmount	FI.	5958

